A LETTER

FROM

Colonel *Barkestead*, Colonel *Okey*,

AND

Miles Corbet,

TO

Their Friends in the Congregated Churches in LONDON.

WITH

The manner of their Apprehension.

London, printed in the year 1662.

A

LETTER

FROM

Colonel Brereton, Colonel Ogle,

AND

Miles Corbet,

TO

Their Friends in the Congregated

CHURCHES in LONDON.

WITH

[illegible]

A LETTER FROM *Collonell* John Berkstead, *Collonell* Okey *and* Miles *Corbet to the Congregations at* London.

Dear Friends,

HAving now sad occasion to renew those former Relations which we enjoyed in our Native Country, to whom we became no strangers for several Reasons inducing us thereunto, not unknown we suppose to all the world, and from any account whereof, our Condition doth excuse us, We do intimate to you, that having passed divers dangers both of Travel and Examination through all the Countries where Providence directed us, in great fear and suspicion of being secured, both People and Magistracy following the streams of the Affairs and Government of *England*, we came at last to *Delfe* in *Holland*, where sitting in an *Herberg*, that is, an

Alehouſe, we were apprehended, being betrayed by a Revolter from our Caſtle, and ſo committed.

We are nevertheleſſe willing to own this diſpenſation and acquieſce under it whatever it ſhall determine of us; nor have we reaſon to think our ſelves now in a worſer and harder condition; for when we had the liberty of the world we had not the freedom of our ſelves: nor could the more courteous and incurious entertainment from Forraigners have indulg'd us any ſatisfaction or Content, while our homebred paſſions and diſtruſts in our ſelves and relations to our Families gave us no reſt in the moſt retired obſcurities.

Indeed we have ſuſtained a double baniſhment firſt from our Country then from our ſelves; Exiles by Law find protection and have a paſſe for their peregrination by their Sentence; but we have thruſt our ſelves out of all thoſe privileges, and have endured the moſt bitter inſultings and exprobrations of our guilt, even in *Sanctuaries* for all other Crimes. Our Dyet, our Lodging, our (though ſeldome) Converſe, nay our very Devotion which theſe unſpeakable miſeries quickned in us, fill'd, nay even loaden with the exaggerations of thoſe ills with which we ſtand charged: Nay ſo heavy hath this affliction been upon us, that we have been conſtrained to comply and to ſay after thoſe men thoſe dire Anathema's which their rage and paſſion tranſported by the Odium and revenge againſt the late State and Commonwealth hath proved us with as with another *Shiboleth*.

The

The Triumphs of these men over a poor, depri-
ved and ruined party is so much the more insup-
portable to us, for that it proceeds not from any
affection to the Government with you, but out of
insolence and impotent malice stretched to the
utmost, for their defeat & near approaching ruin
in the late war. They trample upon the ruins and
rubbish of that structure to which they bowed
their knees and uncovered their heads, while they
besought Preservation with prayers from those
whom they have now put in their Ballads and
infamous Libels.

Whatever shall be our Fate, or whatever im-
pends over us, we can with les fear & regret think
of then, what we have already past'd. As to y^body
we are asham'd to think with what revulsions we
have started at the sight of any person whom we
have fancied either to know or to be known by
us; nor could the Rack distort a man more then
our suden turnings have endangerd us. There was
no mischief done in any place where we were, but
we feared the punishment might fall upon us as
persons not able to give an account of themselves
without a worse condemnation. The world was
our prison, our bed our dungeon, and our going a-
broad the way to Execution, which we could not
promise our selvs to escape if once we came to be
discovered to the Multitude, who no doubt would
have executed that Sentence which we heard our
complices suffer'd, by *quartering* & *pulling us in pieces*.

But alass the troubles of our mind, the distress,
anguish & perplexity of our souls we cannot ex-
press; & ill it is for us that it is not communicable
that

that so we might vent that grief which sinks and deads our spirits, Should we recount our dreams our visions, our formerly too adored revelations, we might pourtrait such a hideous Landskip, as that of *Cain* and his Wandrings: Should we tell you what our *Thoughts* are, we are afraid of them our selves, nor dare we use our rationality on them to bring them into discourse, to frame them into any order or method, lest they militate against us: nay were it not misery to tell it, we could shew you such diversions of theirs as would promote *Bedlam* to a grave and serious residence of Sages. As for our talk t'was wholly about the time, not the Times, what a clock, not what news, Our miserable concerns, (measured by the day whose free and open light offended our blood-shot eyes) spun out themselves in scraps and Tobacco, while we presumed not to venture into Ordinaries, or other publique places for fear of publique danger.

Should we adde those to us terrible sights, of paintings and sculptures with which we have bin so continually frighted, the manner of the Execution of the *Regicides*, &c. affixed in most of the Towns of these Provinces, where, or no where in safety (such as it is) we have sojourned, it were beyond all the strength of incompassion in the most provoked people of the world not to deplore our Condition.

But to abandon those forlorn thoughts, we are now brought to a Resolution (and happy had it been if we had in time taken it of our selves) of submitting to our Fate: We have found worse

abroad

A

LETTER

FROM

Colonel Bingfield, Colonel Oke,

AND

Major Cowper,

TO

Their Friends in the Congregated

CHURCHES in LONDON.

abroad then what we fled from, and our Condition would have increased it. [A Peace throughout Christendome and King *Charles* in *England*, where should we hope to live?] That therefore which is left us of all that honour either militarily gained or vainly conferred on us we will bestow in this last *Engagement* of our Life. But we do not see the necessity of persisting in the mode of our Predecessors; for we have the opinion of the Churches abroad, that they died desperately either through infatuation or combination; we are not privy to those matters as then thinking our selves safer, & therefore desire liberty of conscience in this great Affair which we recommend to your Consideration.

And now Dear Friends we are coming to you again, and have saved you the labour of coming to us; we shall also save the Prisoners of the *Tower* going out of Town, for we shall come by Water. We could wish we had saved the Custom also and not have been cramed up at the *Tower* but sent directly for our last Home. In short, Dear Friends, we are as weary of our lives as you will be ere long of your Principles, and therefore we request you to meet us at the aforesaid place, where we will make such a Confession together as shall vindicate our Vocations.

We desire to be recommended to all our Sisters, whose groans and sighs if you can raise to a storm (with which the Fiend Conjured for us) that may drown us by the way, we shall take it for an everlasting wellwishing to

Your distressed Brethren,
John Berkstead, J. Okey,
Miles Corbet.

From *Delfe* in *Holland*, 7 *March*, 1661.

THough I suppose you will have this in England by another hand, yet because I have very passionately all along concerned my self in your affairs which for 20 years have been the discourse of Christendom, I shall give you a brief account of what happened in the place of relation thereunto. Which is this; some of your English Fugitives and banditoes were the place some while ago, whose impiety and wickedness not unlike to your Nation began some suspition in the Burgers that took notice of them, so that it began to be a whisper among them, which soon after improved it self into a discourse, wherein a strong conceit there was among the English that past this way to the Hague that some of those persons Traytors of the King might possibly have been in the neighbour place of concealment, (though it seems slyly conveyed away from the eyes of the Prince of Aurange, who he here intended that all breaches such neighbours. Upon a nearer observation a person (as is here reported well known to them) having been of their sect, made a Discovery of them, and presently acquainted Sir George Downing, the Kings Resident at the Hague thereupon, who as it seems procured an Order from the Lords of Holland for their apprehension, the said deliver'd to our upper Bayliff Sir George himself, who came in person to the before-mentioned house sent him to the under Bayliff, that is to say the Marshal who not having his men ready first scrupled it, but understanding Sir George had sufficient enough with him, he came to the place where these persons, viz., Coll. Berkstead, Coll. Okey and Miles Corbet were together in the House street, it being Berkstead's Lodging, where they were conferring Notes of the affairs in England over a pot of Beer and a pipe of Tobacco. The Scout knoking at door which the Maid opened, entred and presently seized them, they would have shuffled away, but the room was instantly fill'd. First they fell to excuses, then to enquiries by what Authority they were seized, which being told them, they were all three led to the Common-prison in Delf that very night and kept asunder, much tumult being in the streets to gaze upon them, and the next day delivered by Order to the Resident Sir G. Downing, to be we hear hath disposed them in order to their speedy conveyance to England by a Frigot of England riding hereabouts. This is all at present, only I assure you the people of these Provinces are no less eager and incensed against this sort of men then your selves, I remain

Your Friend & Servt.

Adrian Van Beu